WHEN we greet the new year's prescience
As our king for days to come,
When we walk within his palace,
And it seems as sweet as home,
What would we ask of Time to bless us,
What from his hands would we receive?—
But courage for the tasks before us,
And power to do as we believe!

Let his royal grace command us
In the name of truth to fight;
Let his banner, floating o'er us,
Ever lead us to the right.
Strike down the sins that smite us,
Banish the bandits in our way;
Like red-cross knights be bold to vanquish
The monsters making man their prey.

In these days of toil and striving,
There's so much for hands to do,
And for lips that have a message
Is the need that they be true;
The ancient word of love is mighty,
Its living power to save is sure;
And were our souls aflame and zealous,
The day of victory we'd secure.

Let us strive to make men better,
Doing something for the race,
Wiping out some gilded error,
Bringing back some gentle grace;
By honest word and deed defending
What earnest hearts desire to do;
By hope and help their plans perfecting,
And by the old enrich the new.

Let us ask of Time correction
Of the pas we used but ill;
Let us ask to do our duty,
With a truer, truer will:
Then walking in the new year's portals,
Thrilling with soldier love of fame,
We'll give our God our grandest service
In holy worship of His name!
—William Brunton, in Good Housekeeping.

WE all went to Grandma North's for our New Year's dinner. She dined with us on Christmas, and we always spent New Year's with her. When I say all of us I mean pa and ma and Helen and Alice and myself (Robert), the only boy in the family, and I can tell you being the only boy, with two older sisters ordering you round, and nagging and making fun of you, isn't a delightful position.

Pa is grandma's only child, and that's the reason there's so few of us when we come together at a family dinner. To be sure we have other relatives, but they live way up north, and I haven't seen half of them and couldn't even tell you half their names.

Grandma lives on a farm about two miles from the town of Shelton, and though she's a very old lady she's as spry and active as if she was young, and manages the farm by herself just as well as grandpa did when he was living.

We live so far from Pine Grove—that's the name of the farm—that we always get there a day or two before New Year's. I must say for grandma there isn't any stinting at *her* table, or winking and frowning at you not to take two helps of this or that, and when she catches ma or the girls doing it at me, she calls out:

"For goodness' sake, let Bob eat as much as he wants to! Where's the sense of stinting a boy of thirteen in his eating? I like to see young people eat as if they enjoyed their meals, and not mincing and dallying over their plates. Let the boy alone, Maria."

Grandma has a cook, an Irishwoman named Molly McShane, just as jolly and good-natured as herself. She's lived ten years at Pine Grove, and she's as glad to see us all as grandma is. She's no beauty, Molly isn't, for she's short and squat, and has no more figure than a cotton bale, and her face is broad and red, and her nose looks as if it had been mashed flat.

She isn't young, either, but for all that she's got a beau named Terence O'Brien. A worthless young fellow he is, grandma says, who wants to get at Molly's bag of savings, and if he can cajole her out of them without marrying her, he'll do it; but if he can't, he'll make her Mrs. O'Brien, and get away with the money. But Molly keeps a tight grip on her bag. She and Terence count the money over every two or three months, but she holds on to every nickel, and he can't get one of 'em out of her.

Pa tried to persuade her to put her money in a savings bank, but she hooted at him.

"No, sor, I'll be niver that silly to put me money where I cannot see it when I want. Banks break, and if I had all the goold and silver and jools av the wurld, no banks would see 'em, and swaller 'em up. Sometimes I dhram av me money, and then it does me all the good in the wurld to open me chist and see me bag all safe."

"Take care, Molly!" pa said, laughing. "Since Terry knows so well where you keep your treasure, some bright morning you will wake up and find both bag and sweetheart gone."

Molly got red, and cried out: "An' do ye main to say, sor, that Terence O'Brien, what comes av the good ould shtock—why, the O'Briens came av the kings av Munsther—that he would demane himself to be a dirthy thafe? Ah, niver!"

"Very well," pa said, still laughing. "If I were you, Molly, I'd change my hiding-place now and then. It won't do any harm."

She didn't answer, but went about looking troubled until grandma had to scold her for being so absent-minded that she put sugar instead of salt in the soup, and burned the chickens to a crisp.

"What is the matter with you, Molly?" says grandma.

"It's the evil one that's got into me, I think, ma'am," Molly said. "I'm just dazed, and I feel as if some great trouble was comin'."

That was at night, and the next morning there was the greatest hullabaloo you ever heard. Molly's bag of money was gone from her chest, and she was in hysterics. The strangest thing of all was, she always wore the key of the chest on a string around her neck, and it never came off day or night. The key was in its place, and the chest locked as usual, but when she opened it the money bag was gone.

"Who was here last night, Molly?" asked pa.

"It was Terry!" she screamed. "It's him, the thafe, that's got my money! We counted it, and he says as how there was enough to get married on afther New Year. Have him arrested, Misther North, for the howly Vargin's sake."

"But how did he get the keys?" pa asked.

"How can I know?" she groaned. "I had awful dhrames all night av walkin' and climbin', and I was that sore this mornin'. He's got my money some way;" and then she began to howl again.

Pa went to town, but sure enough Mr. O'Brien wasn't to be found, and the man where he worked said he had gone off on the north-bound train, but said he would be back in a day or two.

"An' where did the dirthy thafe get the money for his ticket," cries Molly, "whin niver a red cint did he have in his pocket?"

Pa told her he had put the police on his track, and that quieted her so she managed to cook the dinner, but she cried quarts between times.

That was the day before New Year, and after dinner grandma took us into the pantry to see the things. Oh, I couldn't begin to tell you what loads of pies and cakes and fruits and candies there were, but we hardly saw anything for looking and wondering at a monstrous turkey that hung from a big hook in the ceiling. It was a mammoth, and grandma said that old as she was she had never seen anything like it. It was of a big breed, to begin with, and had been fattening in a coop for a year.

"For two months," grandma said, "the turkey has been fed on pecans and walnuts, and just look at the fat! If it isn't delicious, then I'm no judge of a fine turkey."

Even Molly got up her spirits over that turkey, and told us how she was going to stuff it with truffles, and such a gravy! After that she had another crying spell, and took herself off to bed.

The next morning, after breakfast, she took the keys out of her pocket and started for the pantry. I went along, but she was ahead. She opened the door and gave a little start and cried out: "Where's the turkey?"

Sure enough, there was the hook, but no turkey. Molly looked on the shelves, behind the barrels, and in every nook and corner, as if the mice could have moved that monster. Then she says to me, looking as white as a sheet:

"Bob, run to the misthress and be askin' her if she moved the turkey?"

"The turkey!" cries grandma, jumping up. "What does that girl mean? Has she lost her senses? Where should the turkey be but in the pantry where she hung it?"

"It isn't there, grandma," I said, and then everybody ran to the pantry. Molly was sitting in a chair, looking scared to death, and gasping for breath.

"It's gone! it's gone!" she hollered, jumping up and clapping her hands. "It's gone like my money! The door was locked, and the key in my pocket. The window is barred, look! They haven't been touched! Howly saints, but it is bewitched the house is!"

Well, it was just as she said. Everything was in its place, the ducks and geese and mutton, and not a single pie or cake had been touched. The thief,

"IT'S GONE! IT'S GONE!"

whoever it was, only hankered for the big turkey.

"But who could have taken it?" says grandma, looking hard at Molly. "I don't suspect you, Molly, for you've been with me for ten years, and I've never missed a pin. But did you have visitors last night, and did you give them a peep at the turkey?"

"Me have visitors," Molly cried, "and me pore heart broke entirely at losin' me money, and Terry's rascality. No, ma'am, I cried, till the slape came, and then I dhramed av the turkey. Yes I did, and it was alive and flyin' and I runnin' afther it."

"Well, it's no use moaning," grandma said. She's a sensible old lady, and she never cries over spilt milk. "We'll go without any dinner if you don't go to work, Molly. I'm sorry about the turkey, but I reckon we must make a shift without it. Where's the sage and onions for the goose stuffin'?"

"Here's the onions, ma'am, but I clean forgot the sage yisterday when Jim went to town for the things. But I remember I have a bag of sage in my chist, I keeps for gargles. I'll run and get it."

We heard her lumbering up the stairs and around, and then she gave a screech which sent us up there in a hurry. There she was lying flat on her back, pounding her heels on the floor and howling and laughing like one of the laughing hyenas you see in shows.

"It's the turkey! the turkey!" she howled, "in my chist, wropped in my silk shawl the grandmother lift me."

There it was, sure enough, wrapped neatly in a white silk shawl—Molly's only piece of finery.

Everyone looked at each other, and grandma lifted Molly's head and slapped her back, and made her drink some water. When she came to herself she was white and trembling like a leaf. You couldn't pay her to touch that turkey, for she said the witches had been moving it, and ma and grandma had to stuff it and put it to roast. Pa said that he was sure that Molly had put the turkey in the chest, maybe

SHE DREW SOMETHING OUT.

when she was asleep. At any rate, we made a splendid dinner, though Molly said she was expecting us to drop down dead, or run raving mad after eating it. That's the way she said bewitched things served the folks in the "ould counthry."

We sat around the fire late that night, talking over things. Just as we were going to bed Jim, the hired man, came to the door and said: "I don't know what's the matter with Mollie. She's walkin' about the yard barefoot, and just a nightgown on and it's freezing hard. I spoke to her, and she never turned her head, but just kept on."

"Just as I thought," pa said, jumping up, "the woman is a somnambulist, a sleep-walker. You must not make a noise, or wake her suddenly."

We came upon her at the bars. She pulled out one as well as I could do, and got through the hole, and then moved swiftly toward the henhouse, which was in the back lot. We followed there, and she was fumbling in the moss and straw of an empty nest. She drew something out, and the moon was as bright as day, so we could see it was a white bag.

"Her money, I'm sure," whispered pa.

She took the bag to another nest, and covered it there carefully, and then marched out of the henhouse, not seeing us, though we were almost touching her.

She went straight to her room and pa said we must leave the money in the nest and we could tell her and let her get it herself.

You ought to have seen her the next morning when we took her to the henhouse and showed her her treasure. She hugged the bag and kissed it and cried over it, as if it were a lost child; and then she hollered about her injustice to her darlint, Terry O'Brien, and how she would send for him and marry him that very day.

But I am glad to say that "Misther O'Brien" didn't have the spending of Mollie's earnings. He had been concerned in a burglary and the police were after him, and that is the reason he had left town in such a hurry.

He never came back and Molly still lives with grandma.—Marie B. Williams, in Youth's Companion.

AUNT JANE'S STORY.

A New Year's Day That Meant a Great Deal to Two Folks.

"A good many years have passed since Tom Shaw brought his wife home to the house on the hill; and there is no doubt they have both grown a good deal older and wiser since then. To be sure, as folks find it now-a-days, time does fly fast. I remember now the picture in my little primer books of old Father Time with a sickle in his hand; he seemed to be mowing at a right smart pace, but la! he looks mighty weak in the legs, and I don't have an idea that he could get on very fast at the best. On the very next page there's a picture of a very little tree with a bushy top, and a man as big as itself sitting on it, and under the tree there's a bit of rhyme that says:

" 'Zaccheus he
Did climb the tree
His Lord to see.'

"Now I know that if Zaccheus had climbed into that tree he never would have seen anything, for it would have broken down, and that would have been the end of it. And so neither that picture nor the other would be good for anything to me."

Aunt Jane's voice was hushed, and she knit two or three rounds upon the gray sock that she was making for our Poor society, and then her hands fell in her lap, her chin dropped a little, and the old lady was asleep. Abby and I looked intently at her; hair, that had once been as yellow as our own, was of snowy whiteness, and it lay on each side of a forehead that was full of seams and wrinkles; the eyes that were tight shut were as blue as our baby's, and the mouth that was a little open was almost as small as his. But her cheeks were one mass of puckers, and even under the edge of her white hair we could see them deep and drawn.

"Say, Lila," Abby said to me in a whisper, "how dreadful it must be to be eighty years old; only think, Lila, that is *eight* times as old as I am."

"What of it?" I asked. "She doesn't mind it, and she isn't eight times older than I am."

"H'm. All but two years," Abby answered.

"But I'd have you to know," I said, frankly, "that two years is a long time."

"No, it is not, my darlings," was Aunt Jane's unexpected interruption, as the blue eyes popped open. "It is only a very little time—only that I knew of one year that meant a great deal to two folks."

"Tell us about it, auntie," we both exclaimed.

"Yes, I will. Let's see. I must have dropped off to sleep while I was telling you about Tom and Het Shaw. Well, don't let me go again; just give me a shake if you see my eyes shut. Mehitable Larkins was as pretty as a picture; her hair was as yellow as spun gold, and her eyes were as brown as a ripe hazel nut. Her step was so springy that she hardly seemed to touch the ground as she walked, and Tom Shaw loved her better than anything in the world.

"He built the house up yonder; and they do say that he sang and whistled so many gay tunes as he nailed on the clapboards that he ought to have had a happy wife to put inside of it. When it was all finished and furnished, he brought his bride home; and after that, folks used to walk past the house many and many a time, to hear the two singing together."

"Did they never quarrel, Aunt Jane?" Abby asked. My sister's idea of a good time was to have a bit of quarrel sometimes with somebody.

"You wait, my darling, until I tell you. It was just after the new year had commenced that they came up on the hill. All summer they seemed as happy as birds, and of an evening they worked in their garden, and for miles around no one had prettier roses, bigger hollyhocks, or yellower tansy than Tom and Het Shaw.

"But with the fall the flowers faded, and the happy couple began to grow solemn; they did not sing so much, and the lamps did not shine so brightly out into the world at night, and, when one of the neighbors happened in, Het had a very suspicious moisture about the eyes. But she never gave any reason for it, and she was of that sort that nobody dared to ask, much as they would have liked to. Anyhow, her cheeks grew pale, and there were no more songs to be heard. And so it came along to the last day of the year. Tom had been out to the woodhouse to get some kindlings for the fire in the morning, and when he had thrown them behind the stove, he went into the sitting-room, and there was Het upon her knees by the sofa, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"That sight was too much for Tom. He went over to her, lifted her from the floor, and sat her upon his knee. And then he said: 'My little girl, what is it? I cannot stand this any longer; you must tell me what the matter is.'

"And she threw both arms about his neck, and between her sobs she whispered into his ear all her troubles; and quick as a flash they were as loving as they had been all summer; and the first thing they did was to sing the long metre doxology."

"What had been the matter, Aunt Jane?" asked Abby, in an interested voice.

And Aunt Jane said: "That is the very strangest part of it; from that day to this not one of the neighbors could find out. Of course, there had been some sort of a quarrel, but we know they had made it up, for Joe Hines was going up the hill, and he stopped a minute to hear them sing, and under the crack of the curtain he saw them kneeling by the sofa, and

TOM WENT OVER TO HER.

Tom had his arm around Het's waist and he was praying out aloud. And Het after told the neighbors that the next day (that was New Year day), was the happiest day of her life."

"How long ago was this, Aunt Jane?" I inquired. And to my astonishment her reply was:

"Let's see; ten—twenty—forty—yes, it must be nigh on to sixty years, and there's been no happier home in all the country than theirs. How time does fly! It all turned out well in their case, but don't quarrel, my darlings; you mightn't come out as well. Sixty years! How time does fly, to be sure!"

"But auntie," I commenced, and Abby gave my arm a jerk as she said:

"Hush, Lila; she's gone to sleep, and that's all she knows about it, anyway."

We looked at her white hair that shone like silver in the sunlight, and thought what a wonderful thing it was to know stories that happened *sixty* years ago; and we wondered if our faces would be all seams and puckers if we should live to be as old as Aunt Jane. And as we crept softly out of the room we heard her murmuring, as in a dream: "Sixty years; how time does fly!"
—Isabel Olcott, in Christian at Work.

—The Very Worst.—
I can't see much in any fad,
But, as an institution,
I know not one that's half so bad
As the new-year resolution.
—Judge.